

**APENNYWEIGHT MAN.**

**He Has Reformed and Lives Now at the Home of Industry.**

**An Institution in Which Ex-Convicts Find Shelter.**

**Darwin J. Messerle Is Superintendent of the Home.**

**down at 70 Wallingford street, where the Brooklyn Home of Industry is now located, there is a "pennyweight" man.**

The Home was established last December for the benefit of ex-convicts, and affords a lodgment to many a poor fellow who has been turned out of prison and cannot find anywhere else to go. Darwin J. Messerle, the lawyer of Theodore Loring, is manager and treasurer, and J. Connor superintendent.

There was a house-warming last week upon the occasion of the removal of the institution from its old quarters at Hoyt and Livingston streets to its present and far better location, since then the inmates have settled down to work again and the concern is running like clockwork.

The "pennyweight" man was sick to-day, and an Evening World reporter called to inquire after his condition. Augustus Setz is the name the invalid gives. Mr. Setz is very laudacious and cordial. He rose to a sitting posture and extended his honest, reformed right hand to the inquirer.

"Tell me a story," said the reporter, dropping into a chair.

"Don't know a thing. Don't know what is a story for a newspaper, anyway."

"Tell me some man in this Home now who has a long record—something out of the usual. I don't care for small fry."

"I'm the man you want. I have got a record. You'd think so, if you'd served as many hours, days, weeks, months and years in jail as I have. I've done many a job and many a bit in a good many different corps."

Setz was not complaining of hard luck. If there was not a gleam of pride in his eye it would be hard to say what human emotion the light had had come there while he spoke was due. He talked rapidly and loud enough to be heard by others of less importance in adjoining rooms.

"Yes, sir, I was a pretty active 'penny-weight' man," he continued.

"Explain what you mean by a 'penny-weight' man."

"That was my line, the trick I used to turn."

"What is the trick?"

"Don't know what pennyweighting is, Jewelry, of course. Lifting it. That suits me better than anything else. I've walked out of men's stores with \$1,200, \$1,500; yes, \$1,800 and \$1,000 on me. I mean, that is what I would get out of it, and I never got more than a quarter of the money after running all the time."

"Were the tricks you refer to the ones for which you served time?"

"No. I've had better luck on the jobs than in little ones. A man don't get caught his first time. Of course not, that's understood. You may do a good many things before you get caught."

"How much time have you ever served?"

"Sixteen years. I was in Joliet Prison, the State Prison of Maryland, Columbus, O., South Boston, and worst of all Moymensing at Philadelphia. People hear a good deal about Sing Sing. There are lots of worse places than that."

"You have no pleasant recollections of Moymensing? Did you stay long enough to get acquainted?"

"I stayed long enough—thirty-six months—but my circle of acquaintances was not very large when I came out. When a man enters his cell in that prison on the first day he never comes out until the day he is set free. Charles Dickens said it would kill any man to stay in one of those cells five years. I know a man who stayed in one over thirty years. So you can't tell what a man can stand."

"You never did anything but steal in the criminal line, did you?"

"No, scarcely nothing."

"Never scolded anybody?"

"Oh, no, not yet, and I don't think I ever will now. Ever since I was converted at Hoyt and Livingston streets last December I have been honest with God and man."

Mr. Setz here displayed a disposition to repeat into religious odes. He slapped himself on the chest, turned his eyes to heaven and thanked God that all danger was past so far as he was concerned.

He has lived at every Home for ex-convicts established since old Michael Dunn, reformed burglar, started the first in San Francisco many years ago, and he has changed his residence from Home to prison several times, he says. But this time he knows in his heart of hearts that there can be no backsliding. When a man is honest with God he cannot entertain a thought of evil.

No one could sing the praises of the homes for ex-convicts and of their founder, Michael Dunn, more loudly than the "pennyweight" man does. He seems to look upon himself as part of them.

"There's Jony Hagan, downstairs," he said. "He has not three months' liberty in ten years. He is a house-man. Well, Hagan says to me, 'Tis a great place, Setz." I told him it would be a home for him as long as he kept straight. "I am tired of being in jail," he said. "I must have more liberty." I told him to make up his mind to let the old sprawl along, and we shook hands on it. Now there is not a more honest man in Brooklyn than Johny."

"But for these places a man coming out of prison couldn't get work on a place to eat or sleep. If he got a place, an honest detective would come round and tell his employer that he had a job-hunting in his house. The very men who tell you the town is down and to go and do your work because they have got to make a living will do that when they find an 'ex-con' at work in a business house."

"How many men have you in the Home now, Setz?"

"About sixteen."

"Different kinds. We have house men, corkscrews, pennyweights, scammers, strong arms and pushers."

"One thing I want to tell you," said the pennyweight at parting. "This Home is conducted on a broader basis than the others. The homes were started for the benefit of ex-cons only. We throw the doors open to drunks, bums, tramps, or anybody who needs shelter. We don't bar any man just because he isn't got a record. That ain't the plan we work on, and that ain't the teachings of God's word."

**Death Rate Continues Low.**

There were 340 deaths in Brooklyn last week, being 34 less than the week previous and 35 more than the corresponding week a year ago. The principal cause of death was pneumonia, 44; bronchitis, 32; diphtheria, 13, and pellagra, 53.

**SAYS LILLIAN WAS NO SUICIDE. FILED FROM A LIFE OF SHAME. BROOKLYN'S POLICE PARADE. REV. M'DONNELL A WITNESS.**

**Dr. Bartlett Declares the Girl's Pretty Lora Andrews Says a Mistress Sought Her Ruin.**

**She Took to Drink Because Indig Didn't Return Her Love.**

**Lena Andrews, fourteen years old, called at the Sixteenth Precinct Police Station in Williamsburg, at noon today and with tears in her eyes begged to be protected from a woman living on Sedgwick street, who she claimed was trying to force her to lead life of shame.**

**The girl, who is pretty and remarkably well developed for her age, stated that she was the daughter of Mrs. Emma Andrews, of 240 South Fourth street.**

**I went to work for this woman as a domestic, and had only been with her two days when I found out what she wanted of me," said Lena.**

**She told me last night that she was going to run a last house this summer at Coney Island, and said that as I was pretty I should go with her.**

**She kept me in the house when I would not have anything to do with her friends. I got away from her to-day and went back to my mother, who beat me and drove me out of the house, because she would not believe what I told her about the woman.**

**The girl could hardly tell her story for her sobbing. She was taken in charge by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and her story will be thoroughly investigated, as the officers have of late received many complaints from young girls in Williamsburg. Lena has given the police the name and address of the woman she accuses, and the latter will probably be arrested this afternoon.**

**OUTGROW HIS BOYHOOD'S LOVE**

**She Upbraided Him for Inconstancy and He Slapped Her.**

**H. Ferris, of North Seventh street, near Henry avenue, Williamsburg, was arrested early this morning charged by Sophia Schorr, or Mrs. Henry Ferris, with assault and battery with intent to kill, and with assault and battery with intent to maim.**

**The two married couple have been separated for a month, and the wife has been staying at the Hotel Astor, 125 Broadway, and the husband at the Hotel New York, 420 Park Avenue.**

**On Saturday evening, when the wife was**

**upbraiding him for his inconstancy, he slapped her, and she struck him in return.**

**He then moved around to Jeromean street in front of the Municipal Building and in the rear of the City Hall, where it was dis-**

**missed.**

**A Thousand Bluecoats Reviewed by Mayer Boody.**

**Unusually Fine Appearance of the Men—Their Formation.**

**Brooklyn's police force paraded today for the annual inspection. The men wore their new spring uniforms, and made a fine appearance than ever before.**

**The rendezvous was in the neighborhood of the mountain on Bedford avenue. Inspector McLaughlin took charge of the preliminary formation.**

**Brooklyn's police force numbers nearly 1,400 men. Nearly 1,000 participated in the parade.**

**The column was composed of three battalions, each made up of several companies. It moved up Bedford avenue in the following order:**

**Sixth Battalion.**

**First Battalion.**

**Inspector McLaughlin mounted commanding.**

**Fourth Precinct, Capt. Morris.**

**Eighth Precinct, Capt. Morgan.**

**Ninth Precinct, Capt. Brown.**

**Twelfth Precinct, Capt. Dwyer.**

**Fourteenth Precinct, Capt. Dunn.**

**Congressional.**

**Inspector McLaughlin mounted commanding.**

**Fifth Precinct, Capt. Keeler.**

**Sixth Precinct, Capt. Egan.**

**Thirteenth Precinct, Capt. Martin.**

**Twentieth Precinct, Capt. Morris.**

**Twenty-first Precinct, Capt. Wash.**

**Twenty-third Precinct.**

**Inspector McLaughlin mounted commanding.**

**Eighteenth Precinct, Capt. Keeler.**

**Nineteenth Precinct, Capt. Morgan.**

**Twenty-fourth Precinct, Capt. Morris.**

**The line marched westward along Bedford avenue to Henry Avenue, and then eastward to Schermerhorn street, to Clinton street, to Remsen street, thence past the police station to the station house, to review before Mayor Boody. Police Commissioner Hayden, Deputy Commissioner Dulio and a large number of city and county officials were present.**

**The line then moved around to Jeromean street in front of the Municipal Building and in the rear of the City Hall, where it was dis-**

**missed.**

**FIGHTING IN HONDURAS.**

**The Miranda's Crew Saw Puerto Cortes Taken and Retaken.**

**The steamship Miranda, which arrived this morning from the Spanish and several West Indian ports, brought definite news of a revolution in Honduras. There had been some intimation of trouble in the small republic, but this is the first news direct from Honduras.**

**The trouble started at Puerto Cortes, a trading town on the coast. When the Miranda was making port, the American consul was not on board.**

**He was absent, having been sent to the American consul at San Salvador.**

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